GAY SUCKERS

I Like to Touch It!

It was one of those days when everything seemed to go wrong. Johe Parker had tried to get to the cocktail party in his own car when his battery went dead. Then he had to look for the key to his apartment. He had put the key case in his suit coat but where the hell was the damn coat?

When he found it, he started searching for some money. That was another mistake. He should have cashed his check but he had had too much to do, he had overlooked it. He had charge accounts so that made money such a useless object. That is, useless until he actually needed it.

"I'll have to call a cab. I'm late enough." Johe snatched up a twenty dollar bill. "Oooo, of all the ——".

He had inadvertently knocked over his expensive bottle of cologne and not only did it soil the top of his wooden bureau but it also stained the twenty dollar bill.

"Damn", he thought, "that cologne cost at least forty dollars. Oh Hell, there's no use worrying about it now."

Moments later, he was hailing the cab he had called. Climbing in, he saw that the driver was a rather attractive well built guy with slightly long hair wearing skin tight dungarees with a definite bulge where his prick was. His shirt was open and you could see his muscular chest.

The driver looked at Johe. His tongue darted out to run along his lips. "Ohhh? Going on a date?" He sniffed. "I like cologne."

Johe wondered what this was all about. He had heard that some gay guys sought jobs as cabbies so that they could cruise as well as work. Was this one of them? "Well, its not quite a date. It's a cocktail party. Some business too. There'll be some important people from my office and I've got to talk to them." No sense in telling this cab driver about his private affairs. "Now, will you please hurry?"

The cab driver said his name was Phil Hunter; as they drove through the early evening crowd, he kept up a lively banter. "A good-looking guy like you shouldn't have to waste his time on some businessmen."

"Well, I suppose you've got a point there." He introduced himself. "I'm Johe Parker." Then he added, "But a guy has to make a living."

"I know." Then he turned around and took a good look at the handsome stud. "Now, you ought to know the only way a guy can have his kicks is to swing with one of his own kind." He reached behind using his free hand to squeeze Johe's knee. He jumped but Phil's hand went up between his warm thighs to find where he was most receptive. "That really turns you on, doesn't it?"

Johe reacted with astonishment. "Now come on, Phil, what makes you think I dig guys?" But he had to admit it did feel great & the idea of making it with another guy was exciting.

"Don't you ever screw with guys?"

They were heading toward a bridge, now. It was getting dark. Hundreds of cars rubbed elbows with the cab but the two of them felt very much alone, as if in their own world.

There was always something about being in a car that was similar to a private bedroom.

"I try all sorts of things," admitted Johe. He still felt the pin-pricks of desire licking at him.

This cab driver had warm fingers. He found himself responding. "I'm one of the 'mod' types. I don't go on any acid trips to turn on. I'm turned on all the time. I try everything."

It was just what Phil wanted to hear. "I liked you from the minute I saw you. Suppose we take off on our own trip for a few minutes. I'll give you the best fucking suck job you ever had."

"I'm late now," he protested, "I've got to get to that party or it'll look bad. I have to create a good impression."

"How'd you like to walk there?" snapped the frustrated cab driver. "What do you think of that."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"I'll throw you right the fuck out if you don't do what I want! You'll never get another cab out here."

"Fuck you, man!"

"I'd like to among other things", said the excited driver.

This was sexual blackmail; it was like something out of a movie. But this was real. How ridiculous!

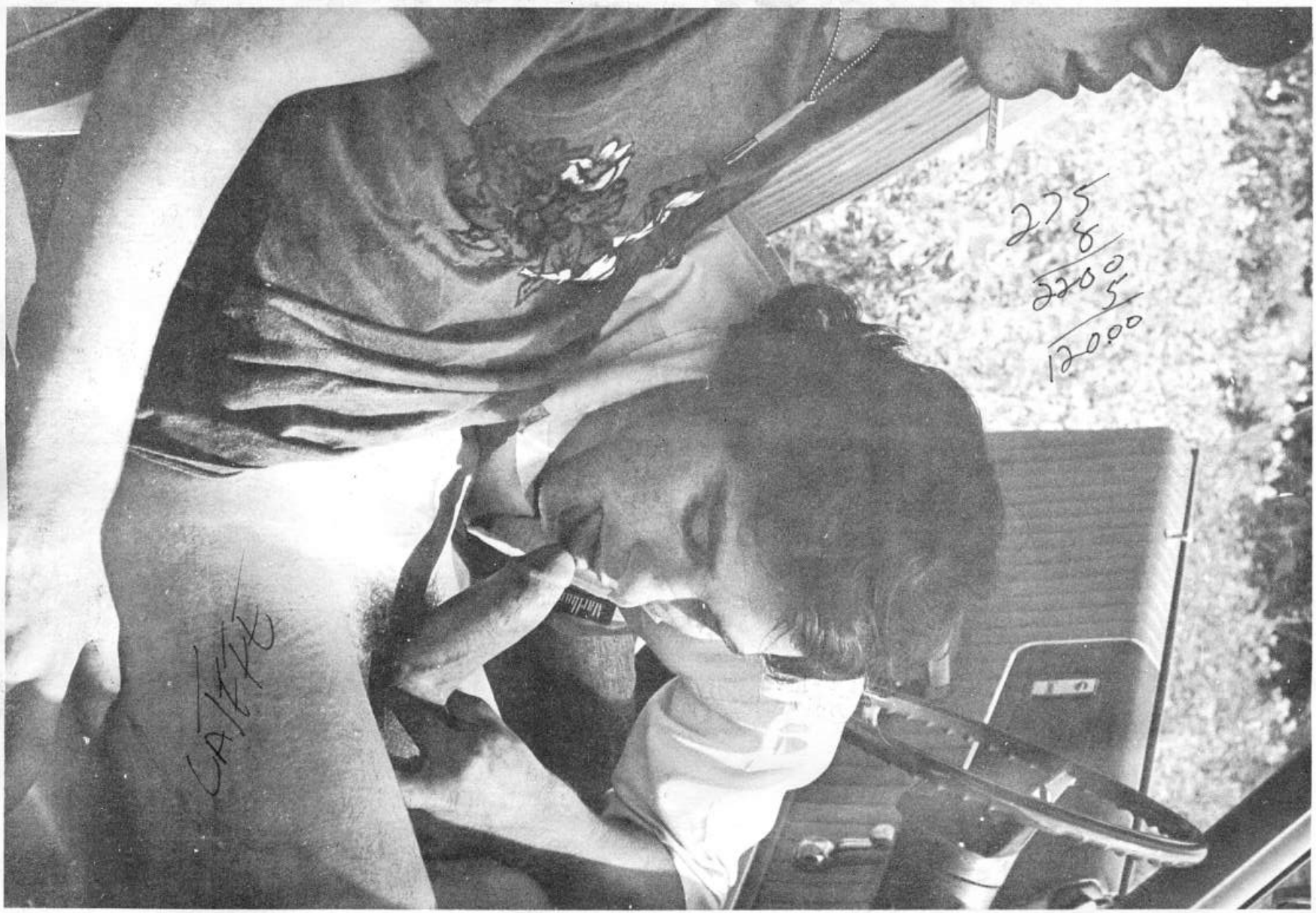
"We hardly know each other."

"I like the suprise element," Phil laughed, "It's much better than making it with someone you know."

Johe didn't know what to say. He glanced at his watch. It was late. He had to make it to this cocktail party and get the contract signed or he'd be out of a job.

"Here, we'll just go thru this underpass and then we'll find a Lovers' Lane. Just stay with me, babe, and you'll love it.

The cab driver was actually arranging it for him so he didn't have much of a choice. Actually the idea appealed to Johe.



Soon, they were parked in the midst of woodsy isolation.

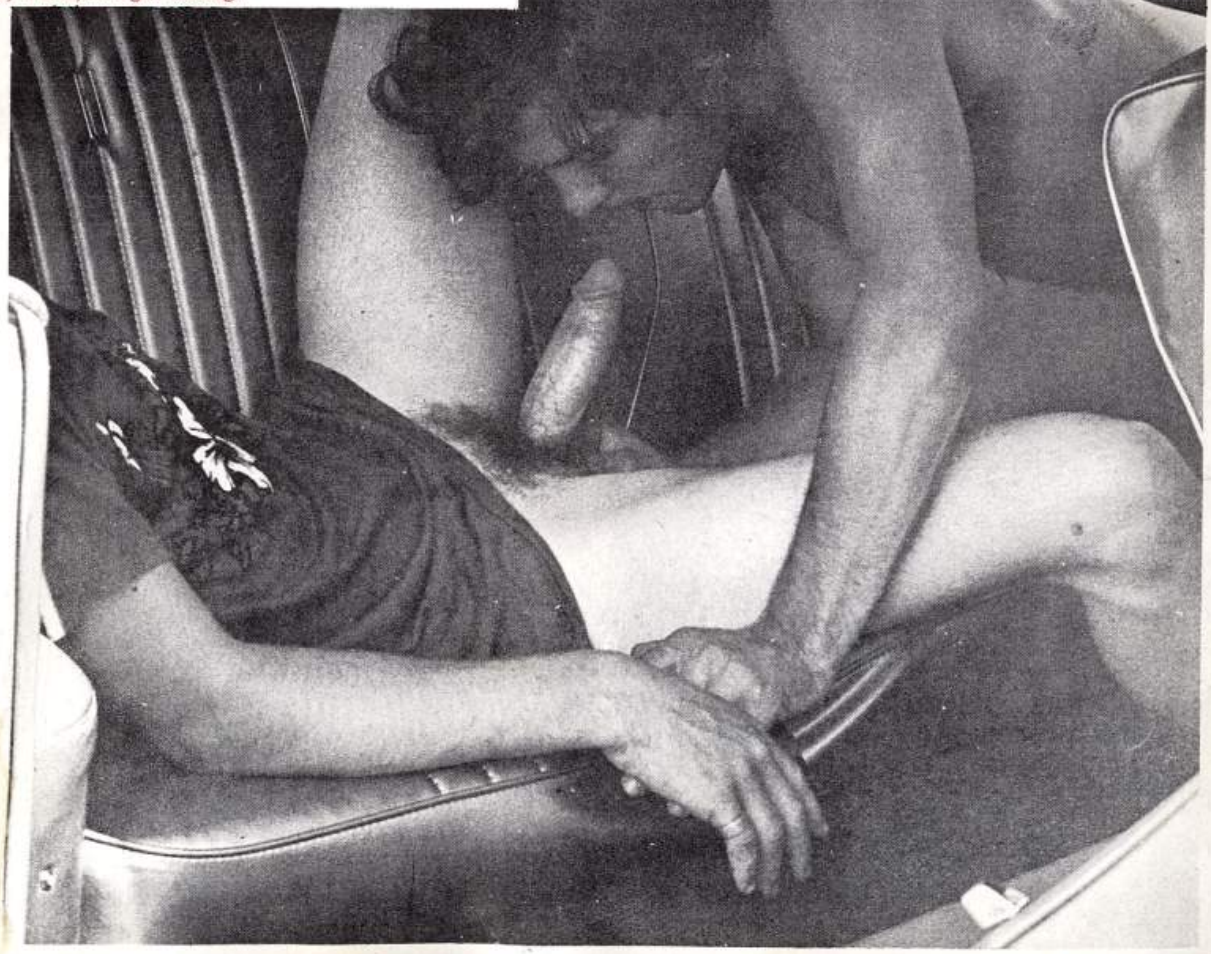
"Come here."

Phil had already jumped into the back seat. His hands & mouth were running up & down Johe's body. He undid Johe's shirt & took it off kissing & rubbing his hardened nipples. Then with his tongue darting in & out Phil licked his way to Johe's waist & undid his pants and pulled them off. Johe was now completely naked. His hardened cock stood up straight. Phil kissed the pubic hairs and gently spread Johe's thighs. He buried his head between them licking his balls and slowly make his way to Johe's throbbing prick. His mouth slid up & down the cock biting & sucking. Finally his mouth slid down onto the head of this throbbing monster and sucked it all in. Johe felt electric shocks all through his body.

"Oh, yes, that's it! I'm coming...coming...oh wow, that was fantastic!"

Phil had felt the cock in his mouth grow larger & larger as the white cream filled his mouth he swallowed all that he could and licked Johe's prick clean.

Johe lay back against the seat drained out. It had been great. He sat up & said, "Now, let's get moving."



"Wait a minute. How about me?"

Phil's pants were off and his stiff cock was throbbing with anticipation. Johe could see that he was frustrated.

"What about you?"

"Oh, come on. You know what I mean."

Johe sucked in his breath as he put his clothes back on. "I'm sorry, Phil. But I'm a one way guy."

It was something that Phil didn't expected to hear. "What? But I thought....."

"Now, let's get going or else I'll just walk down this road and find a cab. Yes, I can find one because we're near a busy downtown section here." He had it all figured out. "It was different back there at the bridge. So take your choice. Either you drive me where I'm going or you don't get paid anything."

"You fucking bastard. I should have stuck it up your ass."

"Get going!" ordered Johe. He felt great. This experience had released all of his tensions. "I'm late as it is," he yelled.

When they finally made it to the party, Johe looked through the window. "Oh, there's Bob. He's the guy I'm supposed to meet. "See? We're so late that he's waiting for me."

The cab driver scowled. He looked flushfaced & uptight. "Give me the fare."

As Johe got out of the cab he reached for his change. He counted it and said to Phil, "I'm sorry. I gave you a twenty. This is change for a five."

Bob heard it and stood there quietly.

"No," sneered Phil, "You gave me a five. That's your correct change."

This bastard was trying to do him out of his money for spite. He should have known that this would happen. He tried to stay cool.

"I'll prove that I gave you a twenty dollar bill and you'd better have the right change or Bob will call the cops."

"How can you prove it?"

"Simple. The twenty I gave you smells of my expensive cologne. I've got the bottle here in my attache case. I spilled it when I packed everything."

Johe laughed as he said this. "Well? Are you going to give me my change or do I have to make trouble?"

Bob said quietly, "Let's see your money."

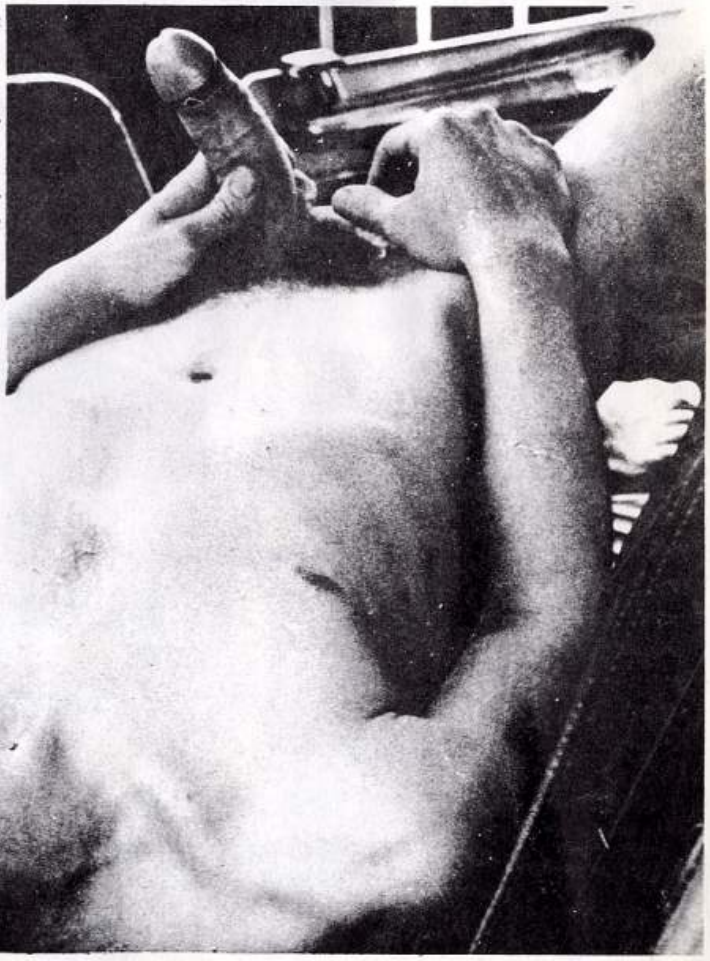
The cab driver hesitated. He felt that everything was sinking. "But...I don't understand."

"I'll give you one minute," demanded Johe.

Phil knew he had lost—in more ways than one.

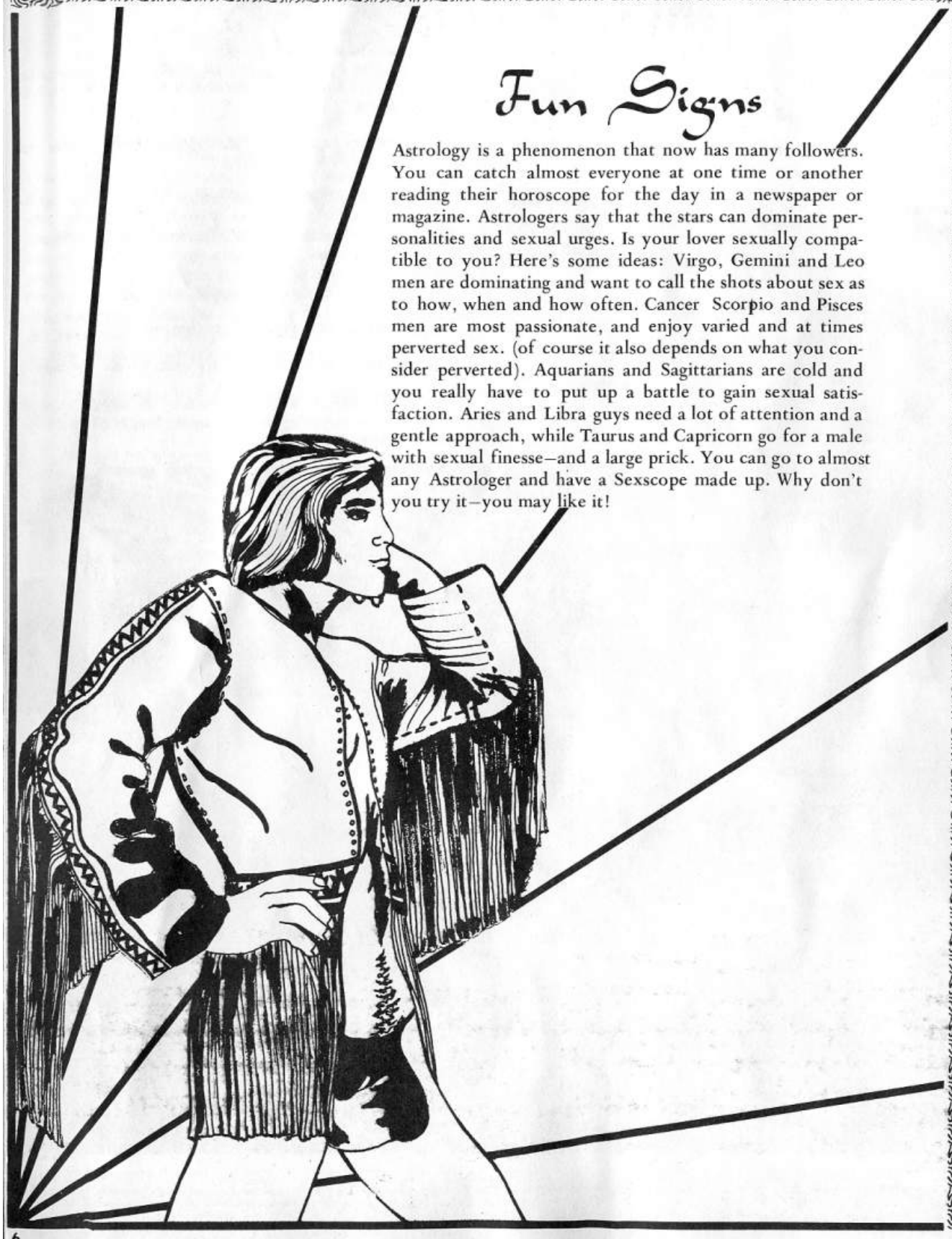
"My mistake," he muttered, "My mistake—all the way.

Later as Johe thought about the events of the day he laughed to himself. At first everything had gone wrong—but in the end they had turned out right. Oh, so very right.



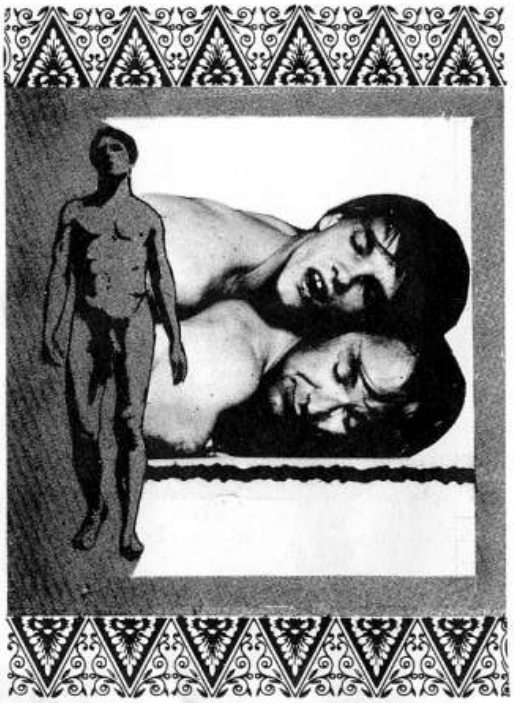
Fun Signs

Astrology is a phenomenon that now has many followers. You can catch almost everyone at one time or another reading their horoscope for the day in a newspaper or magazine. Astrologers say that the stars can dominate personalities and sexual urges. Is your lover sexually compatible to you? Here's some ideas: Virgo, Gemini and Leo men are dominating and want to call the shots about sex as to how, when and how often. Cancer Scorpio and Pisces men are most passionate, and enjoy varied and at times perverted sex. (of course it also depends on what you consider perverted). Aquarians and Sagittarians are cold and you really have to put up a battle to gain sexual satisfaction. Aries and Libra guys need a lot of attention and a gentle approach, while Taurus and Capricorn go for a male with sexual finesse—and a large prick. You can go to almost any Astrologer and have a Sexscope made up. Why don't you try it—you may like it!



New Freedom for the Homosexual

In most sexual activity involving two homosexuals, one of the partners takes the male role, and the other assumes the part of the female. They may sometimes switch roles, too.



CAN A MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF THE RECTUM ENABLE A DOCTOR TO IDENTIFY A HOMOSEXUAL WHO HAS BEEN SODOMIZED?

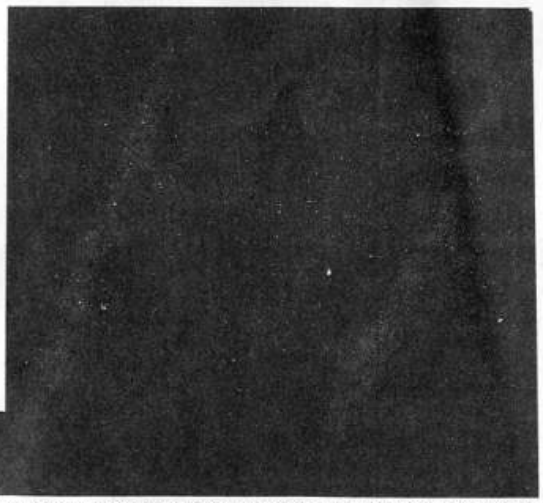
An examination immediately after anal intercourse would identify expended sperm within the rectum, no doubt, but it is otherwise doubtful that an examination at a later time would reveal by the condition of the sphincter muscles, tissues, etc. that one had been taken in anal intercourse. There is an infallible sign when it is present: rectal venereal disease. The old "I got it from a toilet seat" story has been pretty well discredited.

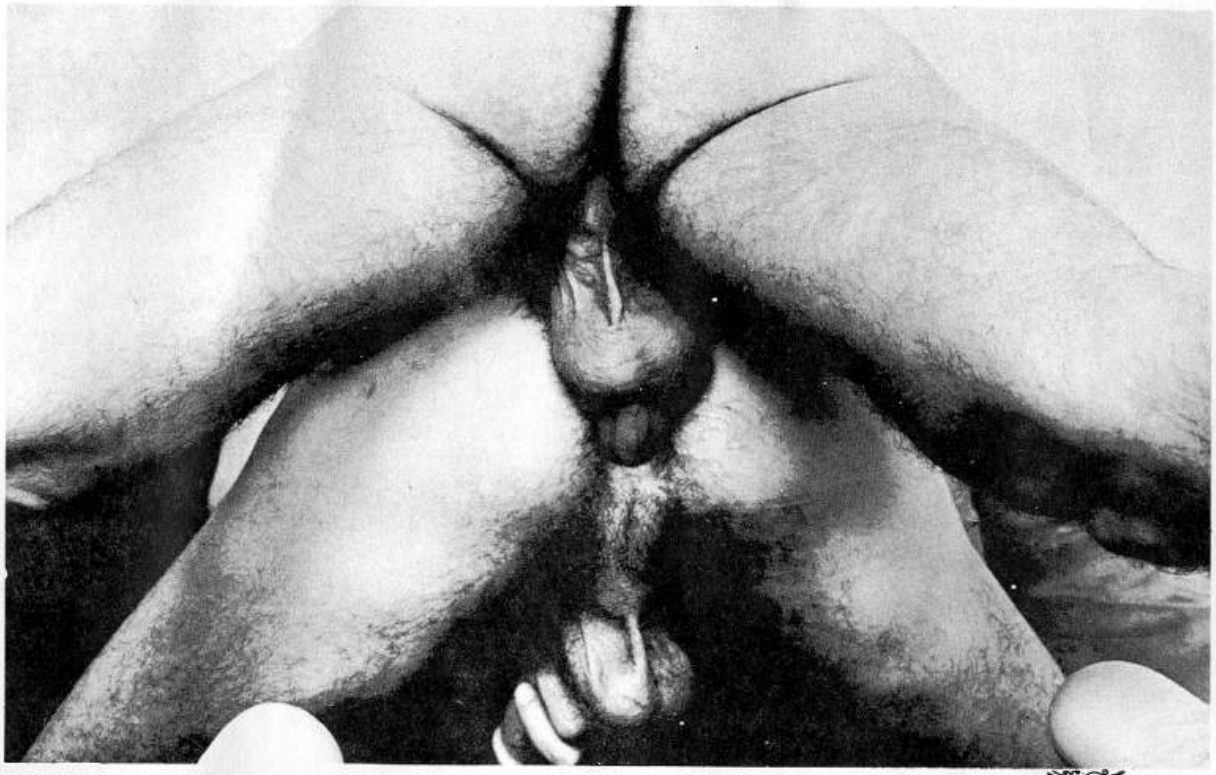
HOW DOES ORALISM FIT INTO HOMOSEXUALITY?

Oral eroticism is prevalent in heterosexual and homosexual lovemaking. It provides stimulation in heterosexual incidents to the acts of coitus. In homosexual relationships, oral eroticism ranges from mouth-to-mouth kissing and deep "soul kissing" to kissing of any of the erotic regions of the body, to mouth-to-genital and mouth-to-rectum substitutes for coitus.

WHAT IS "ANILINGUS?"

Anilingus is oral-anal contact, a practice which most homosexuals readily admit to. These persons seem to be fixated at a stage of anality, much as others become fixated at orality. In fact, these two types probably do well together. Many of those interviewed have pointed out the pleasure of giving pleasure to a partner, so there would seem to be pleasurable sensations for both in this practice.





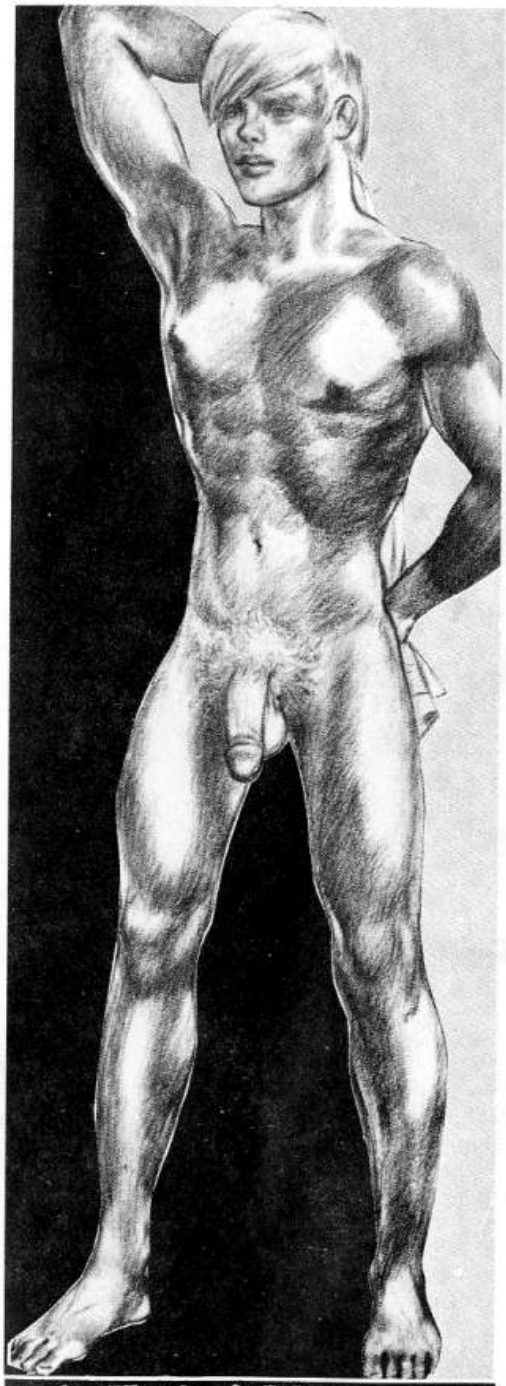
Oral-genital stimulation is generally more important in a homosexual relationship than it is to more normal lovers.

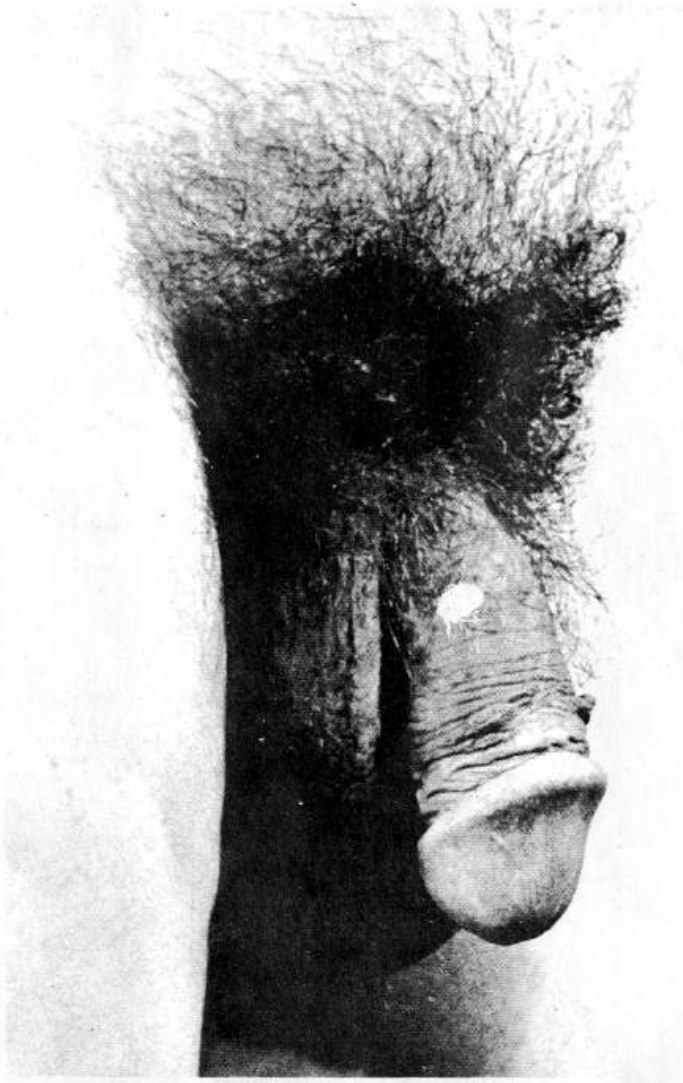
AREN'T THERE SITTING POSITIONS FOR ORAL-GENITAL CONTACT?

Yes. A few of these follow. 1) the irrumator sits while the fellator kneels between his legs with face in the irrumator's lap. 2) The irrumator sits up in bed with his legs spread wide. The fellator lies on his stomach between his partner's legs, with his mouth positioned on the genitals of the irrumator. 3) The irrumator sits with his knees drawn up while the fellator lies on one side under one leg of his partner and fellates him. (4 The fellator stretches out on his back, with the irrumator on his chest facing him. The irrumator directs his penis into the mouth of the fellator. 5) The fellator sits on the bed, and the irrumator, facing him, drapes his legs over the fellator's shoulders and sits atop the fellator—balancing his weight on the fellator's body.

WHAT ARE THE USUAL POSITIONS ASSUMED FOR ORAL-GENITAL CONTACT?

1) The irrumator lies flat on his back, legs apart, with the fellator between his legs. Thus, the fellator can either masturbate himself while sucking or, after the irrumator climaxes, the positions may be reversed. 2) The classic "69" position, with both partners experiencing oral administrations simultaneously. 3) The "69" position with both partners lying on their sides gives about the same enjoyment. 4) The fellator lies on his back while the irrumator kneels over his chest and leans forward to place his penis into the recumbent partner's mouth. 5) The irrumator lies flat on his stomach with the shaft of the erect penis pushed down between his legs. The fellator crouches behind him and between his legs to fellate him from the rear.





Making it with STEVE & JON

Steve stood in front of Jon dangling his prick in Jon's face. Jon had looked into his eyes for a long moment, then reached up & pulled Steve down onto the King size bed. A moment later Jon had his face buried in the hairy nest between Steve's thighs. Jon heard Steve moan in sudden ecstasy as Jon's lips ran down his throbbing shaft. Then he took his mouth away and pulled Steve into his arms.

Jon was as dark as Steve was blonde. Jon's cock was much larger than Steve's because he was a bigger guy but they were both built well. In a moment they were both naked as they looked over each others bodies. In the half-darkness of the bedroom, the tight black mat of Jon's pubic hairs picked up curly glints of light that made Steve's mouth water. He kissed the black-haired guy on the lips, then Jon darted his wet tongue into Steve's mouth.

Steve reacted violently. His arms tightened around Jon like a pair of Boa Constrictors, and he pushed his own tongue into Jon's mouth. They lay there hard cock pressed against hard cock, pelvises grinding against each other,hands exploring each other's body, then Steve felt lust creep down his body and center in his groin. His soft wet lips slid along Jon's belly and onto his round thighs as he was pinching Jon's nipples gently.

Jon's thighs parted and accepted Steve's darting tongue which caressed the folds of his balls and slid up and down his hardened prick. As both guys moaned with pleasure they soon had each others cocks in their mouths and as they shot their loads they each swallowed the tasty liquid eagerly. Then they both fell back, quivering masses of convulsing male flesh. Two sexually satiated males. The bed was stained from their passion. The two men looked at each other, then they kissed each other's mouth deeply, suckingly, as they held each other's hands.

"My God, I've never loved anyone the way I love you, Jon", gasped Steve. "It's us together for the rest of our lives, isn't it?"

"Why not?", said Jon, smiling. Then the wrinkles of a slight frown crossed his forehead, but Steve didn't notice.

"How about a picnic up in the mountain hideaway tomorrow?" asked Jon. "You know the spot I mean...where..."

"Great", Steve agreed, "I'll pick you up about one in the afternoon."

It was about two the next afternoon. Steve had been watching the tan Toronado ever since leaving the filling station and when it followed them off the main highway up the mountains, he knew they had trouble. The road led nowhere and people didn't use it unless they had in mind what Steve & Jon had. Jon hadn't noticed because his head was in Steve's lap licking at his partially exposed body.

Steve was hurting again. He had had a few homosexual experiences in his life, but he'd never met a guy he'd really fallen in love iwth the way he loved Jon. Besides their lovemaking in their separate apartments, all during the warm summer months they'd made love in their own little private spot under the trees. But today was going to be special for Steve. After thinking about it a long time he was going to ask Jon to move in with him and marry him homosexual-style. Steve even had a ring in his pocket to bind their troth with.

But right now his eyes were on the tan Toronado with the punks in it. Steve's Pontiac was fast, but the car behind him was faster. He knew he couldn't outrun it. It wasn't until he reached under the seat for the tire-iron, that Jon stirred. He sat up and looked back.

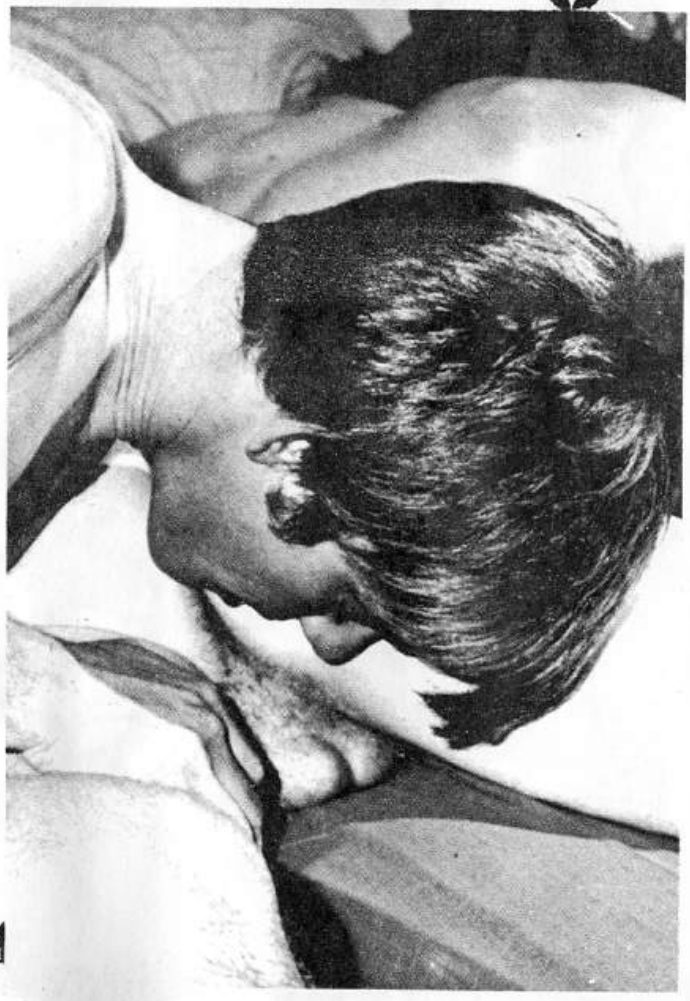
"Who are they, Steve?"

"Those three teen-age punks you entertained back at the filling station", Steve said shortly.

"I didn't like the way they stared at me", Jon said.

That was a laugh. While Steve was getting gas and having the oil checked, Jon had given the punks a real show walking to the john in those skin-tight levis. The bulge in his pants quite apparent particularly when he was aching for sex, like now.

Although plenty of men had made passes at Jon, he had always brushed them off. But Steve wondered about Jon at times. Which was why Steve had had trouble making up his mind about asking Jon to marry him & move in with him. There were always men around Jon but not for long once Steve had become his lover. The most important competition was Carl Hanford. Carl was going to be worth a lot of money soon and he was attracted to Jon and Jon loved money.



Jon's laugh interrupted Steve's thoughts.

"That big one looks good", he said, "I'll bet he's a real stud."

It was his way of teasing, but at the moment Steve wasn't amused. He either had to lose those punks or be pushed around and probably be forced to blow them or be fucked. And the Toronado was gaining and it was time to make a move. He had one advantage. His frequent trips up the mountain with Jon had acquainted him with every twisting foot of the road. He gunned the Pontiac around a wicked S-curve, then braked hard, steering into one of those paths that dribbled off the road & out of sight. He shut off the ignition, gripped the tire-iron & waited. Hardly had the dust settled when the Toronado roared by, wide open.

While they sweated it out in silence, Jon began climbing all over Steve with just one thing in mind, SEX. He was apparently unconcerned about the danger if the punks found them. Steve wasn't a weakling nor a coward & he knew he'd get in a few swings with his tire-iron, but he knew the punks would finally get their way with them.

All three were in their late teens or early twenties and well built. The big one driving the car was at least 6'4" & Steve decided if they were cornered he'd go for him first. A lot of those punks wouldn't fight unless they had all the odds in their favor.

Jon finally stopped long enough to reach into the back seat for the blanket they always brought with them.

"Steve, let's have our picnic right here. It's almost as good as our regular spot."

He was right. They were parked at the edge of a cool, dark thicket of tall trees and brush completely hidden from the road. They got out of the car & were spreading out the blanket when the Toronado came back down the road slowly & out of earshot.

Jon shucked his levis and lay down expectantly.

"See," he said, "you worried for nothing. Let's go at it. They're gone."

Steve wasn't too sure because the sound of that car had died away too soon but the sight of Jon's body prevented him from thinking too much.

Steve laid down beside Jon and started talking quietly so as to gradually lead up to the talk of their moving in together & getting married. But Jon wanted action.

"Let's talk later! I need your mouth on my cock right now!" his voice shivered.

Before Steve could do another thing, he heard twigs cracking and the thick line of bushes & brush at the far end of the thicket parted. Steve jumped up, hiding the tire-iron at his side.

"If it hadn't been for the tire marks, you might have gotten away with it," rasped the big one, stopping in front of Steve.

"Let me talk to them, Steve", Jon pleaded.

Before Steve could answer the big guy lunged at him without warning. Steve didn't think he saw the tire-iron in his hand. He laid it right across his face & his nose collapsed like an over ripe tomato. He heard Jon gasp as he fell to his knees, grabbing his face, blood spurting between his fingers. Then he got up, panic-eyed, & ran back toward the road.

Steve was watching him so closely that he forgot about the other two. They both jumped Steve and held him. While one held him down the other brought out his hardening prick & ordered Steve to suck it. His mouth closed around it and went into motion—licking and sucking & kissing. Suddenly he felt the throbbing cock explode and as he swallowed the cum some of it dripped down his face. He was then turned over and the other one stood above him naked & hard. His prick was standing out straight and it must have been at least 10" long. He lifted up Steve's butt and moved in thrusting his long cock into Steve's ass as hard as he could. The pain shot thru Steve as his assailant fucked & fucked him harder & harder finally as he groaned & grunted with pleasure he came inside of Steve. Steve lay exhausted on the edge of the thicket while the two young punks went over to Jon. They made Jon go over next to Steve & ordered him to lick him clean then they told Jon to suck Steve off while they stood and watched. Jon took Steve's cock and really went at it as if he was really enjoying being watched. After that Steve couldn't remember too much of what happened because he blacked out after being kicked repeatedly in the back & sides.

Later the blackness turned to dim light and when Steve finally came to, he looked at Jon.

"You don't look like you put up much of a fight," Steve said weakly.

"I don't fight gorillas like that," Jon replied. "There's a better way."

"Not all three!" Steve moaned.

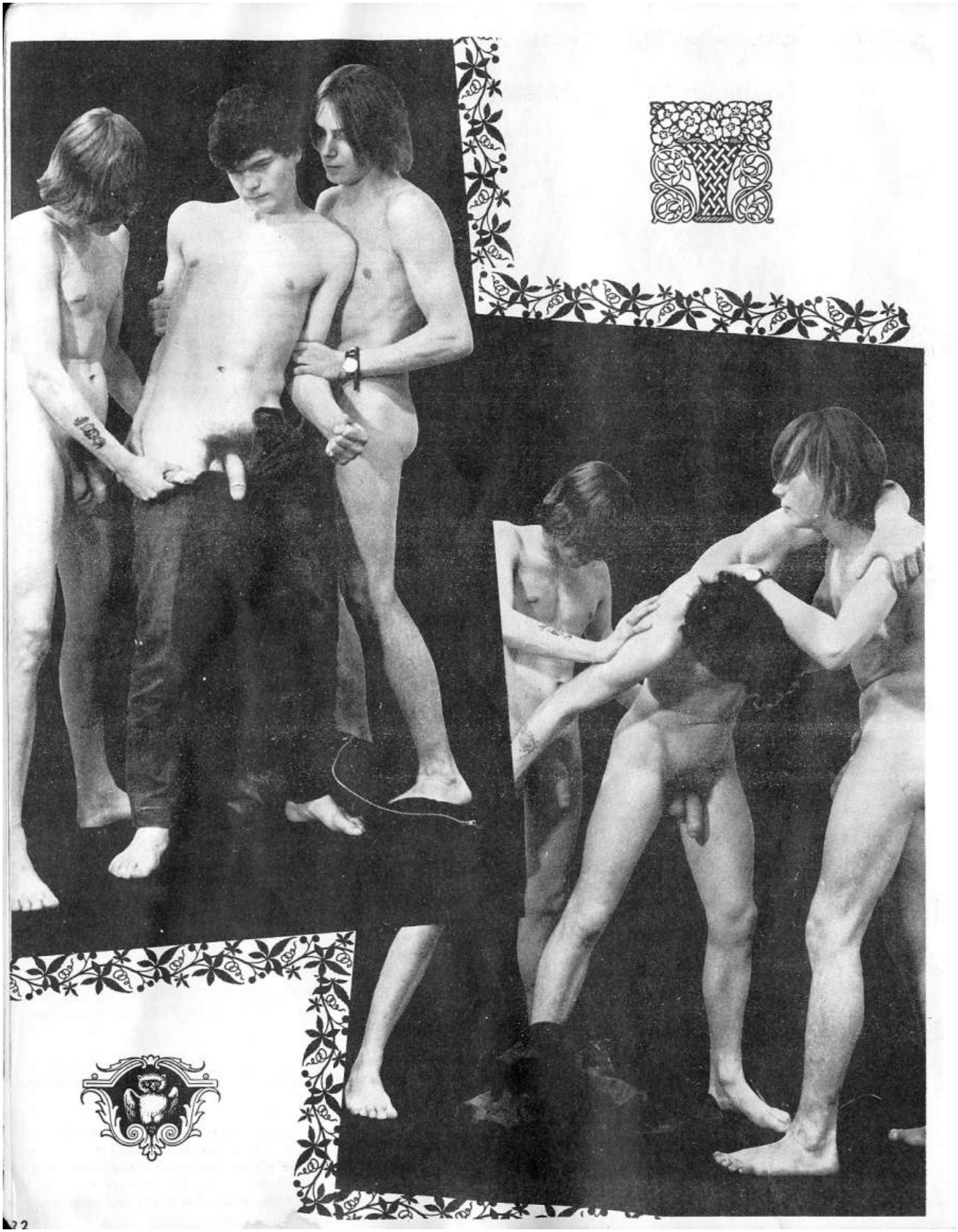
"No, the big guy never came back. The other two are over there in the grass. I guess they never had a good fuck like I gave them before.

He pointed to a spot at the far end of the thicket. Both punks were lying side by side, sleeping like babies. Steve groaned & started looking for the tire-iron.

"Never mind, Steve. Let's go home," said Jon.

"I guess you don't need my lovemaking now," Steve answered.

"If you can manage it, lover, I'm available," Jon said.



Lovemaking was the last thing on Steve's mind at the moment. He didn't know whether to be mad or relieved. But at least they were both alright.

As they started back to the car, Steve remembered the ring. In the excitement, he'd completely forgotten. As they sat in the car, Steve fumbled with the keys, trying to think of some way to broach the subject to Jon, but it was Jon who broke the silence.

"It's a shame this had to happen," he said. "I was hoping our last day up here would be nice."

The tone in his voice sounded alarms in Steve's brain.

"Last day?"

"Yes, Steve baby, I'm afraid so. I was going to tell you while we ate lunch, but with all this trouble...I'm...I'm going to move in with Carl Hanford. I'm having dinner with him at his parents house tonight...sort of a getting acquainted thing."

Steve couldn't speak for several moments. "Just like that?" he finally managed.

"But you've been leading me on for nearly a year. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I just couldn't".

"At least not until you had a few more bouts of our lovemaking," Steve said sarcastically.

"I'm giving up everyone else. I'll just think about how much money Carl will be worth some day."

Steve almost snapped off the ignition key starting the car. "Okay, Congratulations!"

As they started down the hill, Jon sat huddled in the corner, as if in deep thought. Then he sat up and looked Steve in the face.

"I know why you're really mad. You blame me for those guys following us up here!"

His remark sounded a hell of a lot like the voice of a guilty conscience to Steve. As he was mulling over an answer, they rounded the first curve of the road and there was the Toronado parked off the road, almost out of sight. Playing a hunch, Steve stopped his car and went over to it. The punk he had hit with the tire-iron was lying in the back seat, moaning softly, a blood soaked towel wrapped around his nose and mouth. He looked up & saw Steve, but the fight was out of him.

"You dirty bastard! Why don't you crawl away somew' leave me alone?" he said weakly.

"You're delirious, friend. He was with ME, remembe. said.

"Then why did he tell me to follow you when we were back at the gas station? Ask him, why don't you?"

Steve didn't have to. Suddenly he felt sorry for Carl Hanford. He didn't know him too well, but you don't have to know somebody personally to do them a favor. He went back to his car, opened the trunk, and took out a hunting knife he'd used on fishing trips. Jon couldn't see what he was doing, but he called back and told

Steve to hurry or he'd be late for his dinner date.

"Be right back," Steve called out on the way back to the Toronado.

He lifted up the hood of the Toronado and cut both battery cables, tossing the pieces out into the brush as far as he could. The guy in the back seat didn't stir, not even when he closed the hood.

Then Steve went back to his car, opened the door on Jon's side & waved him out. There was suddenly fear in Jon's eyes when he saw the knife in Steve's hand.

"Your stud-horse friend over there needs you," Steve said. "He's not as good-looking as he used to be."

Jon started to protest, but Steve wanted no more talk. He shoved Jon up the hill toward the other car and stood there watching him go. When Steve heard the Toronado door open, he coasted his own car away quietly and headed for town: With no power, they might possibly make it down to the main highway, but with darkness coming soon, they'd probably wreck the car if they tried. In any event Jon would have all night up on the mountain to think of a good story to tell the Hanfords. That is, if he ever met them socially again.

By the time Steve reached the main highway, he wasn't angry anymore. It could have turned out worse, especially if Jon had accepted his ring.

There would be another time, another guy, Steve thought.

Gay Suckers

I began to stay away when I knew Dean would be there. Never a comment from dad; tacitly, he accepted my absence. I prowled the countryside restlessly. At least if I felt restless in Manhattan, I could fuck a line-up of hustler assholes. Down here in Tenn., I could walk my fucking feet off.

I walked. A long hike in the sunshine, trying to forget dad and Dean in the summer house. Wallowing in self-pity.

"Hi."

I hadn't heard him, hadn't seen him as he approached from a break in the bushes along the path. A young farm boy, unexceptional, just a farm kid barely in his teens. In the uniform of rural America: faded jeans and t-shirt. He was friendlier than most, offering a sunny smile along with the greeting.

I thought of only one thing-his thing. His young prick under the faded jeans. Restless! I must have been desperate! Since when did Rush Blair go sniffing after 14 year old dong? Since the moment I saw him!

We walked along together talking aimlessly. Almost unconsciously, I took a bill out my wallet. I waved it so meaningfully at the boy that he licked his lips. "W-Want something, mister?"

"Ah, you kids are all alike. Afraid of your fucking shadow. Bet you're afriad to go behind those bushes there and take down your fucking pants."

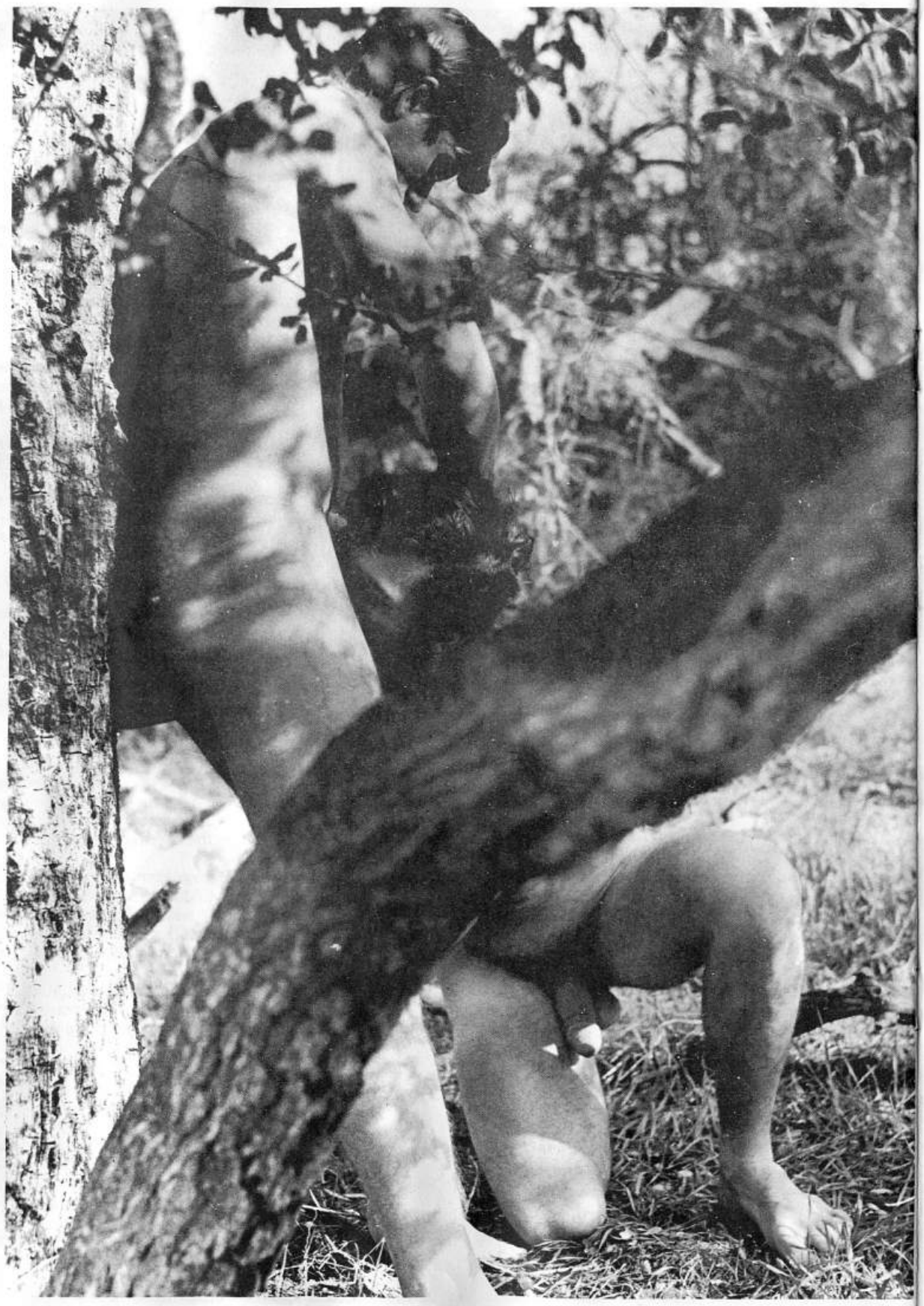
He understood partly, at least the relationship between the taunt and the bill, if not the relationship I sought to establish.

"Mean you'd gi' me a dollar, mister?"

"I would, but you're afraid."

He crawled through a narrow opening in the bushes. I followed.

"See, I'm not afraid."



He had unbuttoned and pushed down his jeans. His wardrobe didn't include underpants. His little cock was adorable. Only four inches flaccid, but on his slender frame it looked like a giant.

"Shirt, too."

He took off his t-shirt. Naked. Innocent. His pale body gleamed dully, hairless, except for the man-sized bush above his hanging whacker. I grabbed his road and handled it at will, masturbating him until it sprang out rigid. Man-sized. I sucked, swallowing his hot juice in seconds. I tried to finger-fuck his smooth naked ass.

"Please, mister," he begged me.

"Then you have to suck." I made it easy for him.

I jerked off, all the way-almost. At the last possible moment, I gave it to him. performed clumsily, taking part of my throbbing instrument. Licking. I made a man of him. I came in his mouth. A man's load. He choked on it, sputtering, spitting, maybe even swallowing.

He was ready again. He pleaded with me to relieve him. Poor kid! I serviced him.

Back on the path, he said shyly, "My name is Alton."

He wanted a return match. I was wary, non-committal.

Next day, I patrolled the path, just to satisfy my curiosity. As I half-expected and hoped, Alton appeared.

"I was waitin' back o' the bushes," he explained.

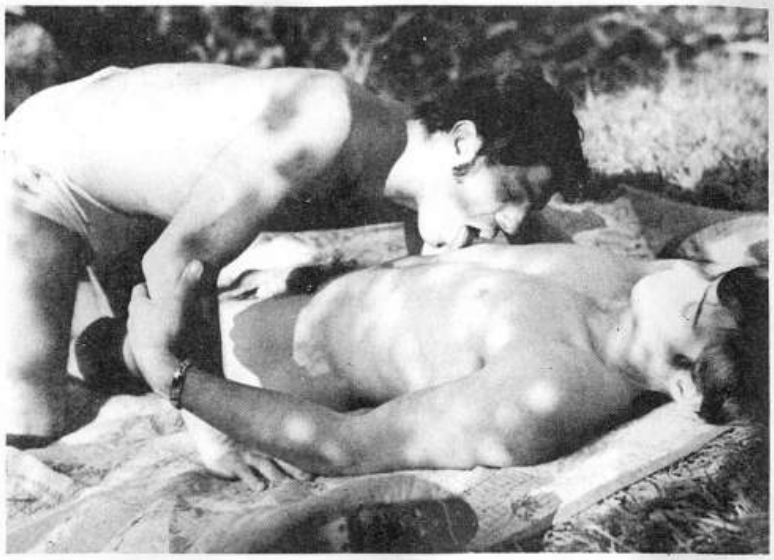
"You look as if you have a hard-on, Alton." No answer. He crawled through the bushes, and I followed him.

"Take it out!" He obeyed me.

His stiff prong stood straight up, aimed at me.

"I'm so hot, mister!"

I jerked his rod as I had before, but this time he was just about up the hill. In seconds, I saw his cream spurt. I closed my lips over his spending staff in order to savor the last salty jets. I kept his prick in my mouth. Alton didn't even lose his erection. Soon he was pumping again, producing a fresh torrent. I kept going and Alton kept shooting. A third load within a few minutes.



"Not bad," I admitted. "You always shoot like that?"

"Last week," Alton told me proudly, "I jacked off four times in a row."

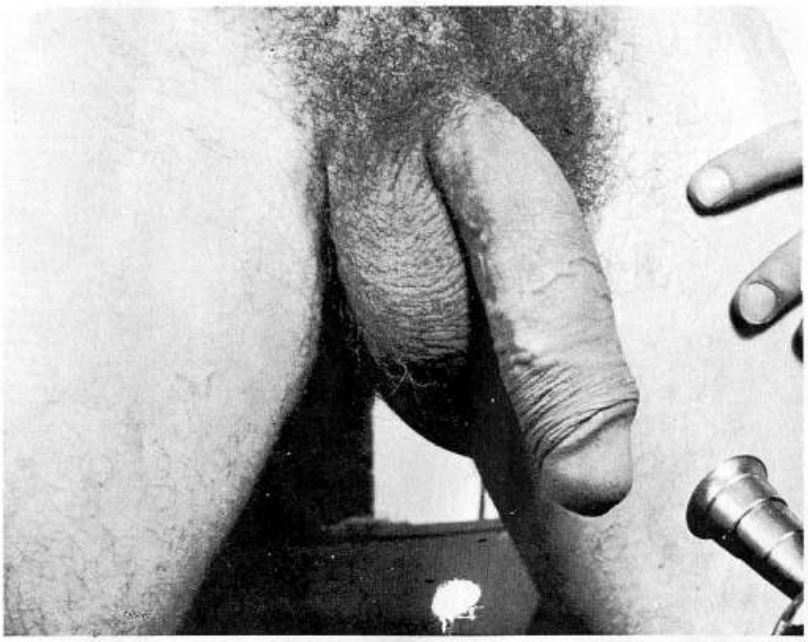
Presumably without the intermissions most of us find to be necessary.

I made him give it to me again.

Naturally, after that I saw him regularly.

Dad began to notice that I was away every afternoon. He asked, so I told him about Alton.

Dad voiced the opinion that Alton was too young, then he fondly remembered Lennie, and changed his opinion. Eventually, he suggested that I invite my under-aged buddy to the house. Catch my father letting a juicy prick escape him! However, I accepted dad's proposal. It would be nice to have Alton with a bed under us. When it rained, those bushes became fucking marshes.



Young Alton consented to accompany me to our worm-eaten mansion. Dad played the charming host and understanding father to perfection.

"Guess you boys want to be alone." he said, without the wink, leer, or smirk such a statement called for. I went up to my room , with Alton, pausing to look back at my favorite photographer. Alton, in his faded jeans and t-shirt, must have shown lots of potential to the trained eye of a cameraman. I could detect from the usual symptoms that dad was attracted. Swollen basket!

The kid surprised me. Quick to drop his pants, flaunt his bone in the bushes. But for his indoor debut, he acted shy-shy. I stripped, then practically had to rip his jeans off. We were like that when dad barged in.

Naked, his pear-shaped whang halfway up, my father made me proud of my heritage. Alton just stared open-mouthed.

Dad touched the boy's dangling peter.

"Lovely. Come on, Alton, time you learned to fuck."

He threw himself on my bed, big hairy ass out. The farm boy hung back, confused, awfully backward for a 14 year old.

I put one hand on Alton's shoulder, one on his whacker.

"This way, Alton."

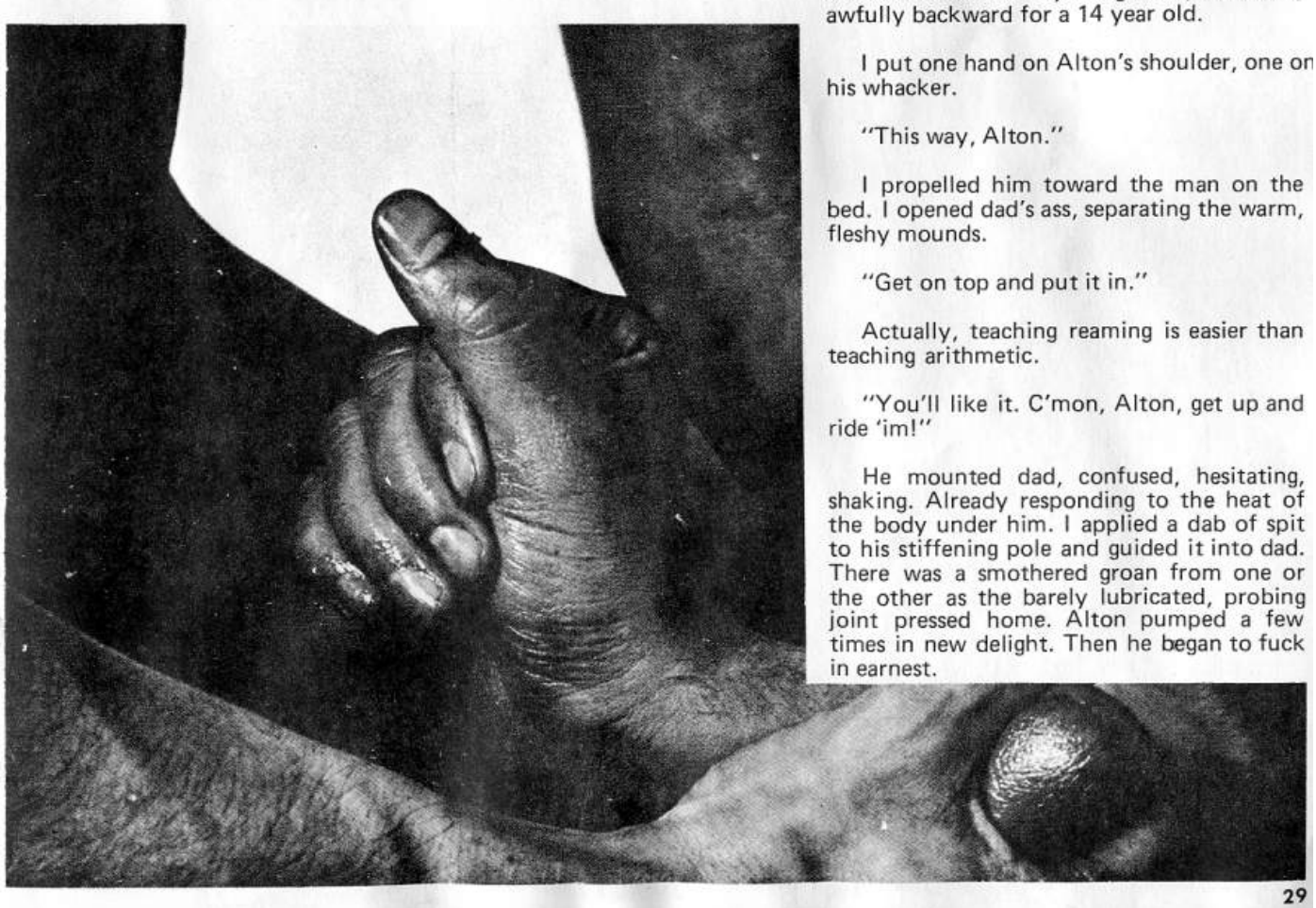
I propelled him toward the man on the bed. I opened dad's ass, separating the warm, fleshy mounds.

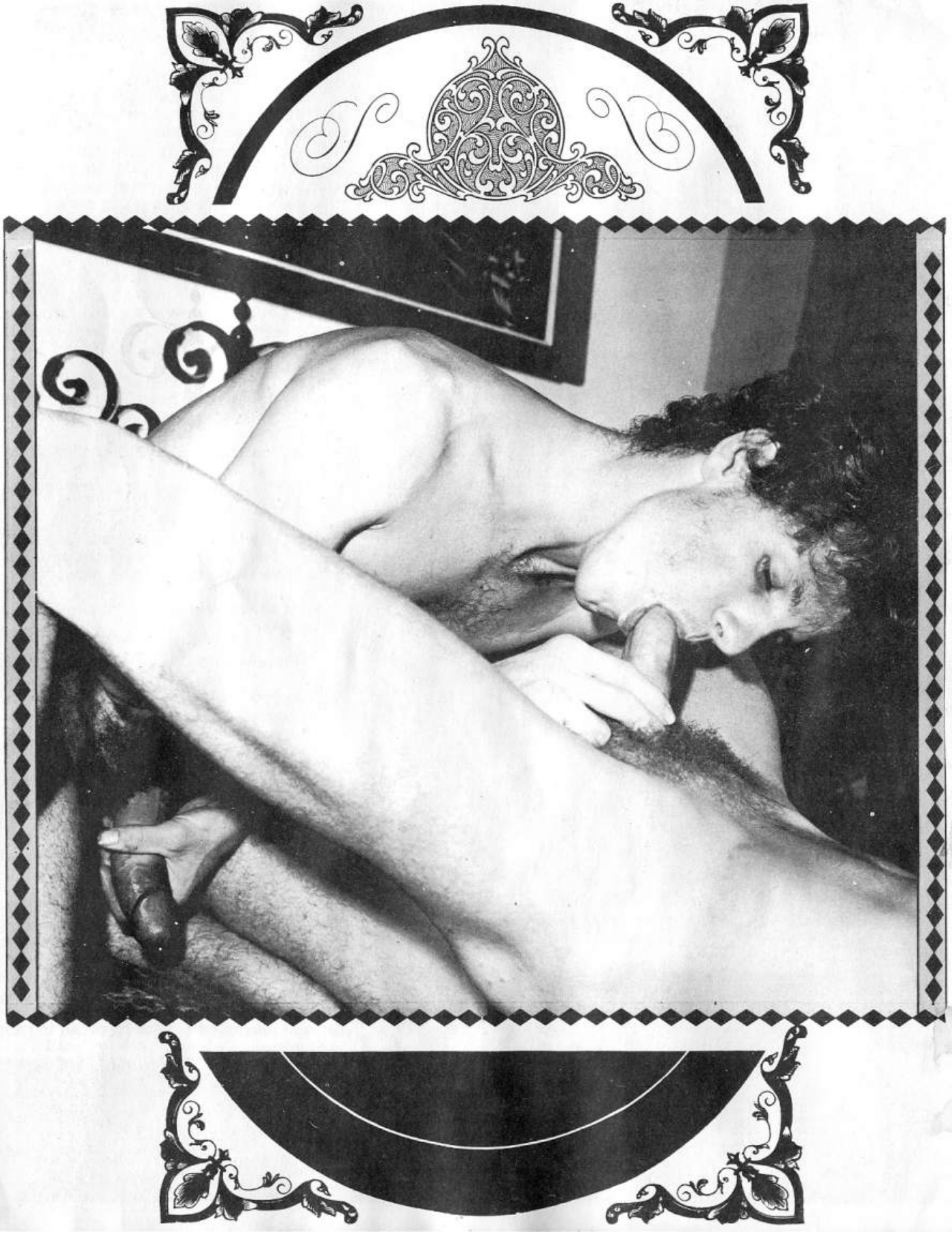
"Get on top and put it in."

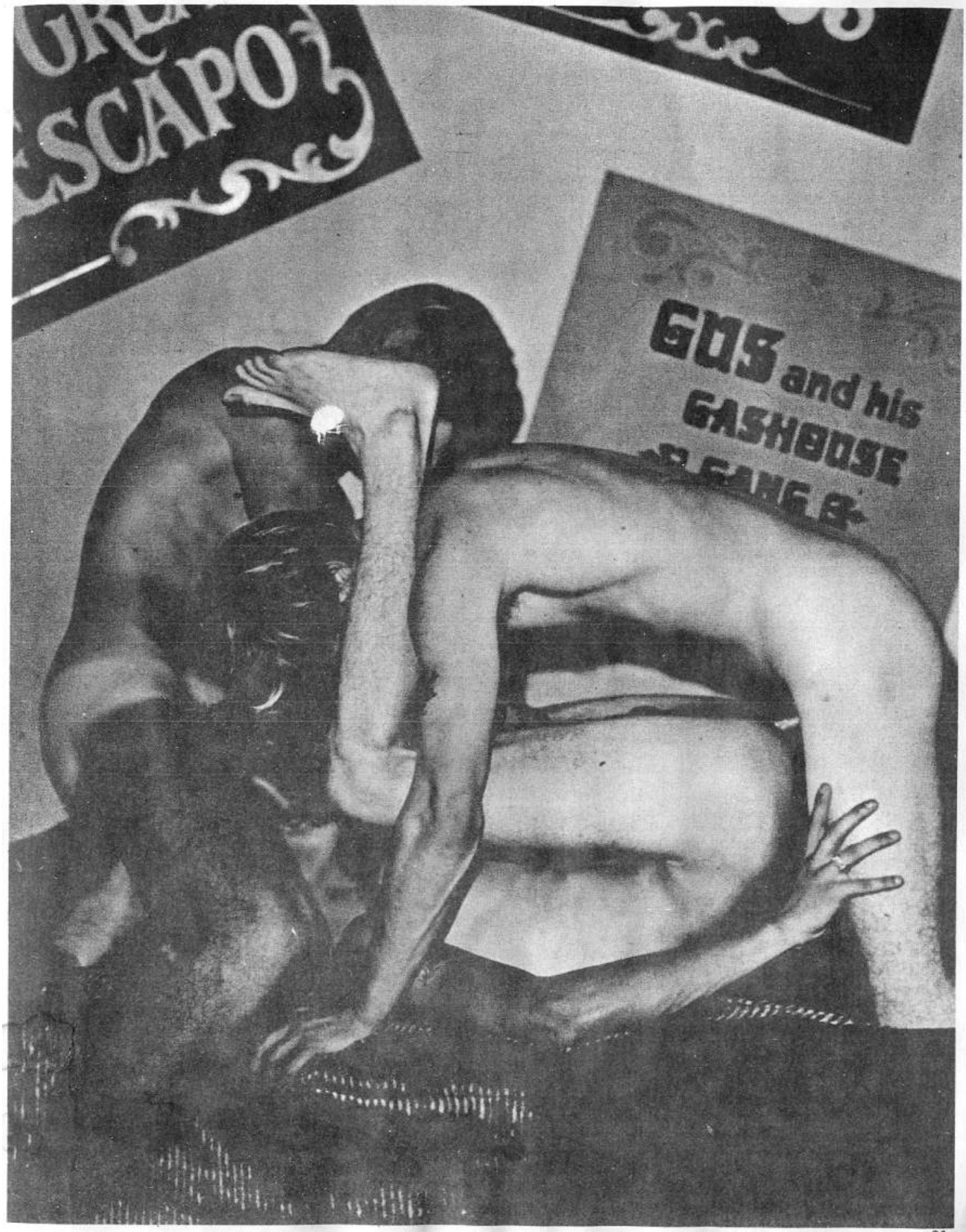
Actually, teaching reaming is easier than teaching arithmetic.

"You'll like it. C'mon, Alton, get up and ride 'im!"

He mounted dad, confused, hesitating, shaking. Already responding to the heat of the body under him. I applied a dab of spit to his stiffening pole and guided it into dad. There was a smothered groan from one or the other as the barely lubricated, probing joint pressed home. Alton pumped a few times in new delight. Then he began to fuck in earnest.



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GUS and his
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The kid came quickly and refused to evacuate his perch. Almost immediately, he began to pump again, and dad murmured, "Wonderful." I climbed up to tongue Alton's clean ass. It heaved in circular movements as he corkscrewed into my father. He shot again, but didn't withdraw until he had administered another fucking.

They got up. Dad's hard-on was immense. I took it, and he gave me a brimming mouthful.

I wanted to fuck Alton, but as before he pleaded. "Better let him alone," dad suggested. That left me no alternative. I screwed dad's ass.

In his enthusiasm, my father drove Alton home. He returned, very pleased with himself.

"We're having a guest, or I should say, a houseboy. This buddy of yours-ours-lives on a fairly prosperous farm on the other side of Lambrie. I spoke to his folks, told them how we need a bright young man for inside work. They don't need him, they have their own farmhands. I think they were grateful that we're giving the kid a chance to better himself. Full board plus a buck an hour, and he's ours till Sunday."

Our houseboy reported for work before we woke up the following morning. We treated him well and worked him mercilessly. Light dusting and heavy fucking. On the second day, Alton shot gism eight times-a record. He reamed dad almost continuously, and dad always found renewed pleasure in those repeated jazzings. His white ass had been softened by constant tongue and finger injections; at last Alton took a full-fledged fucking. Then we three were truly in business. Dad's cup ranneth way over as our houseboy became increasingly adept at sucking.

His contract was extended from one week to the next, till the end of summer. Reluctantly, dad started making plans for the trip north. When he realized that the honeymoon summer was over, poor Alton turned frantic. "What's gonna happen t' me?" he asked tearfully.

Dad didn't look cheerful either. He spoke to the boy with gentle affection.

"Look, kid. I hate to leave, too. But business is business. There must be plenty of guys for you. Doesn't your father employ farhands?"

Alton nodded, and dad went on less patiently.

"You'll have to learn to make do with the material available. Hell, when I was your age back in Rush Falls, I was fucking for the whole fucking bunkhouse. Winter's coming on; what are they going to do... night, cross-word puzzles? Don't worry, they'll keep you busy. Just let them ... available."

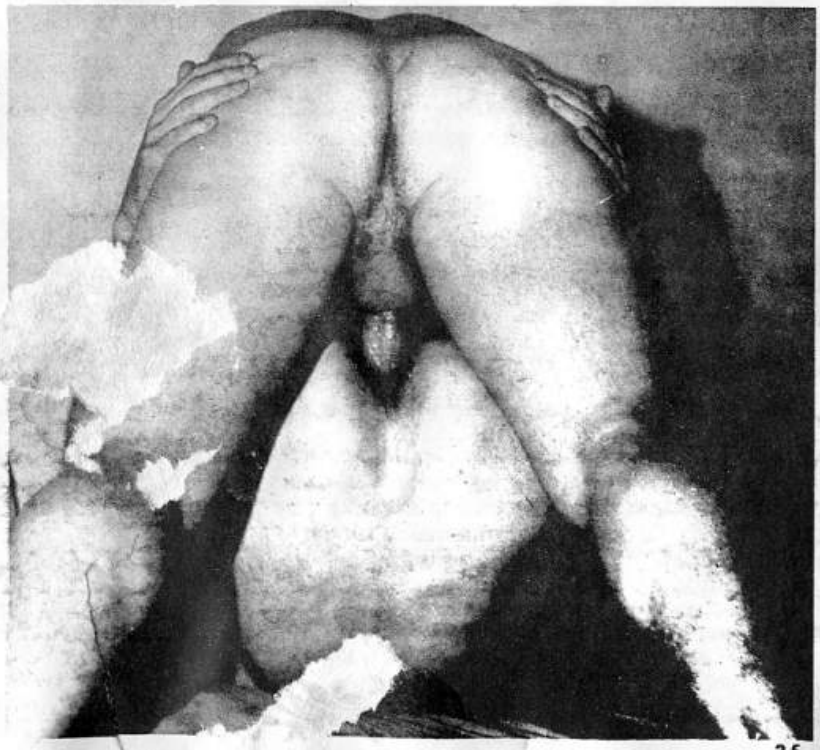
Alton shook his head stubbornly.

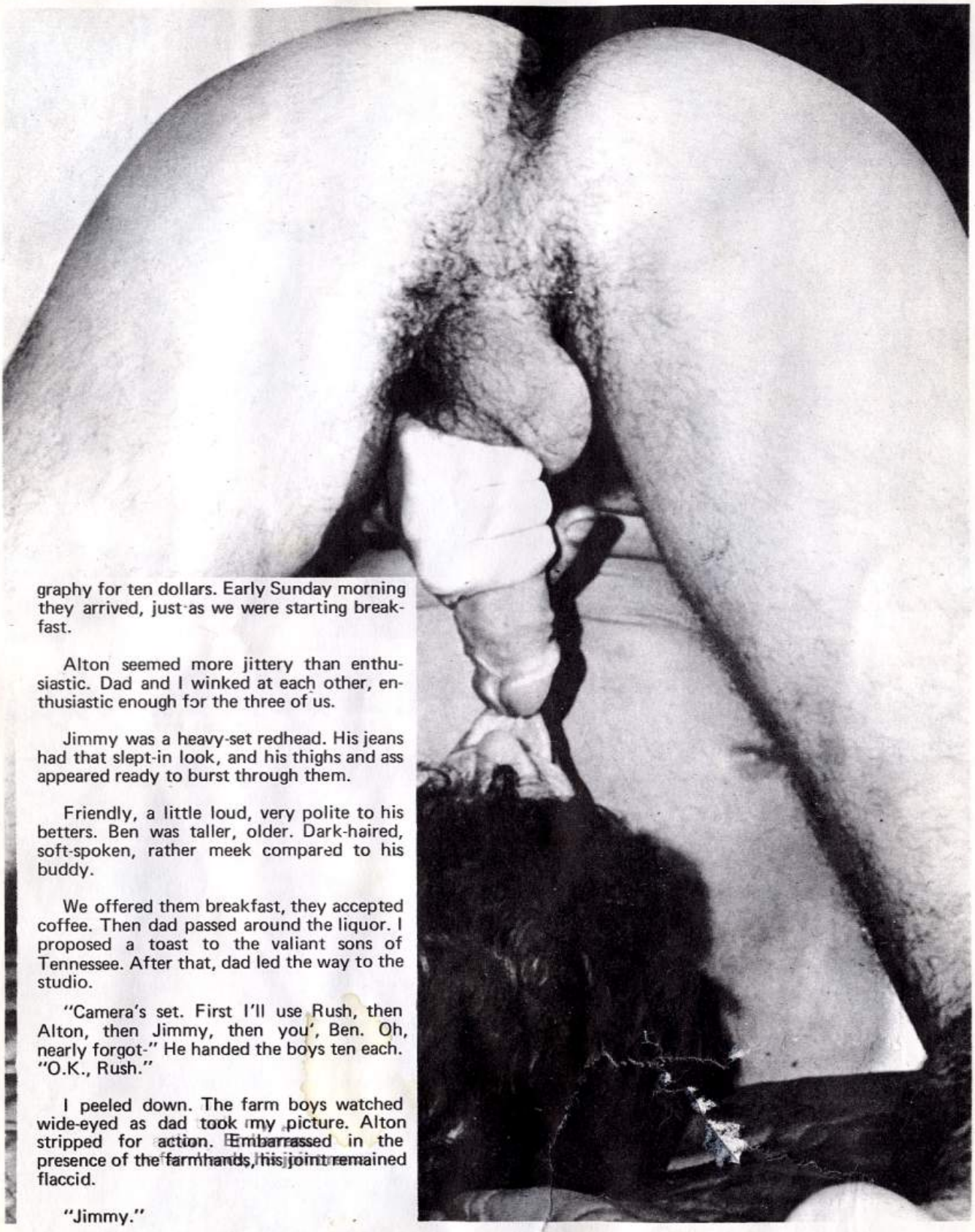
"Not Ben and Jimmy. They wouldn't wanna-"

Dad ... upted to draw out certain ...ails. ...y was 19. Ben was older. Two ...g, healthy farmhands. Dad snorted, ... handle this for you, trust me. Tomorrow's Sunday. I'll drive you home tonight. You tell 'em the man you work for is a photographer, and he'll pay ten dollars for their services. For Christ's sake, don't specify what services! And don't let your father hear. Think they'll come around for ten, Alton?"

"I guess so."

Dad drove the boy home for a brief visit, time enough to alert the farmhands. They agreed to serve the interests of creative photo-





graphy for ten dollars. Early Sunday morning they arrived, just as we were starting breakfast.

Alton seemed more jittery than enthusiastic. Dad and I winked at each other, enthusiastic enough for the three of us.

Jimmy was a heavy-set redhead. His jeans had that slept-in look, and his thighs and ass appeared ready to burst through them.

Friendly, a little loud, very polite to his betters. Ben was taller, older. Dark-haired, soft-spoken, rather meek compared to his buddy.

We offered them breakfast, they accepted coffee. Then dad passed around the liquor. I proposed a toast to the valiant sons of Tennessee. After that, dad led the way to the studio.

"Camera's set. First I'll use Rush, then Alton, then Jimmy, then you', Ben. Oh, nearly forgot-" He handed the boys ten each. "O.K., Rush."

I peeled down. The farm boys watched wide-eyed as dad took my picture. Alton stripped for action. Embarrassed in the presence of the farmhands, his joint remained flaccid.

"Jimmy."

"Yessir!"

The husky redhead undressed. Shirt, jeans, jockeys. His ass was barn door wide, whiter than Alton's. A bush like Spanish moss dyed. russet. His huge cock dangled dejectedly, imprisoned in a jagged overhang. Dad took his picture.

Ben stripped in silence. Spruce, muscular body. The muscle hanging between his legs was spectacular. Jumbo head, long, and vibrant. Banging against his balls as he moved forward. Lucky balls!

"Now the four of you."

We posed together.

Alton's peter started to palpitate. Dad noticed this instantly.

"Now Rush and Alton."

We stood together. Dad nodded. I reached out ot play with Alton's rising club.

"This looks so good-"

I knelt to suck it. The boys watched, renouncing crossword puzzles forever.

I went on servicing Alton until he shot in my mouth. Dad had prudently put aside the camera. We had a bulging file of young Alton from every conceivable angle and several angles previously considered inconceivable.

When I got to my feet, Jimmy was standing in front of me, his prick jutting out erect, skin pulled back.

"Will y' do it to me? Please."

The words were barely audible. In the same low tone, I said, "I like to fuck Jimmy."

"You c'n put it in. Please suck. I'm so fuckin' horny."

I played with his brawny butt, then gave him a bang-up blow job as the camera whirred merrily.

Ben stood aside, back to us. I walked over to him.

"Don't you go for it?"

"Yessir," Ben answered meekly. "Would you take it?"

He turned around. His prong was all the way up, stiff, as meek as a tornado. I nibbled daintily. Ben's needs were beyond dainty nibbling-he pumped like a hurricane. We both gave brilliant performances.

I nudged Jimmy. "Remember, you promised!"

"Yessir!"

The redhead sprawled on the floor, ass arched upward. I greased up and rammed him.

The great Brandon Blair rolled his shorts down.

"C'mon, Alton, fuck it!"

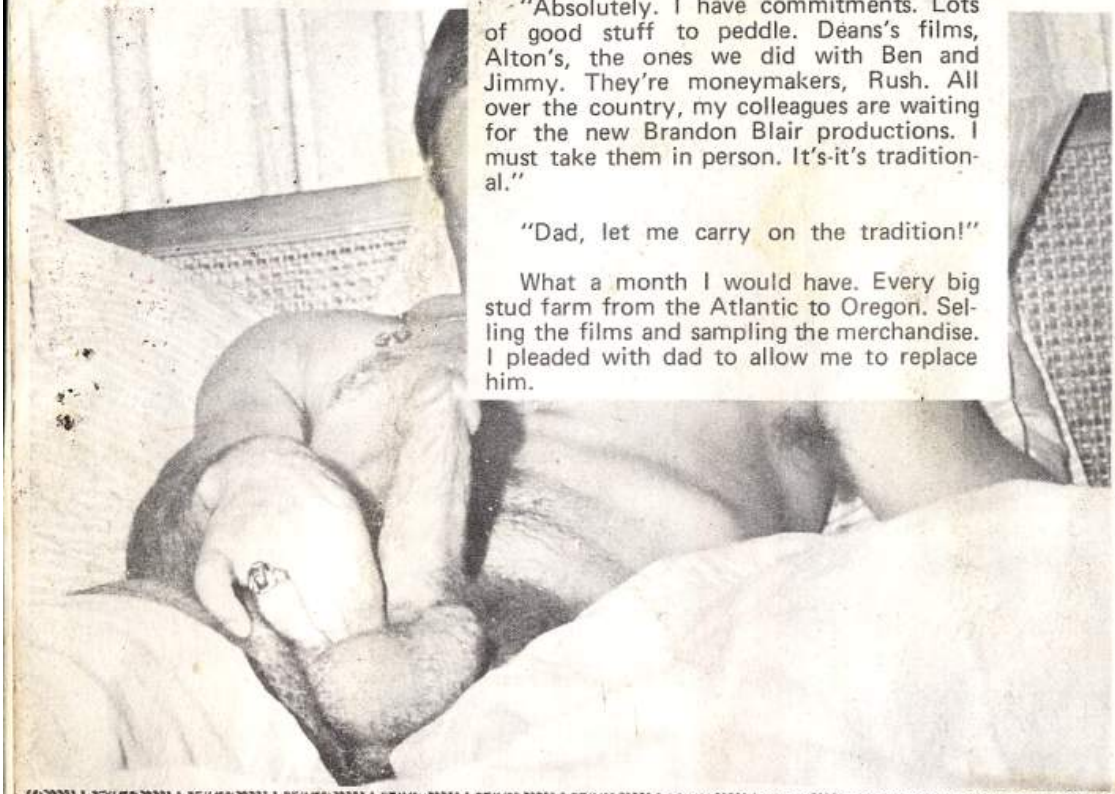
He lay on the floor next to Jimmy. Alton screwed him. Ben stood over them. On dad's invitation, the gentle farmhand took Alton's place. I forced my joint between Ben's lips as he fucked my father.

Alton had a busy winter in store for him.

As the day set for our departure approached, dad became more and more morose.

"I'll miss the little bastard." he confessed sadly. "Not to mention Jimmy and Ben. If only I didn't have to make this fucking trip to California. Just one more month here would be great for my hormones."

"Do you have to go, dad?"



"Absolutely. I have commitments. Lots of good stuff to peddle. Deans's films, Alton's, the ones we did with Ben and Jimmy. They're moneymakers, Rush. All over the country, my colleagues are waiting for the new Brandon Blair productions. I must take them in person. It's-it's traditional."

"Dad, let me carry on the tradition!"

What a month I would have. Every big stud farm from the Atlantic to Oregon. Selling the films and sampling the merchandise. I pleaded with dad to allow me to replace him.

It didn't require much pleading.

I had nearly 30 inches batting for me, evenly distributed among Alton, Ben, and Jimmy. Thirty inches that my father hated to give up for a minute. He began to consider that I was doing him a favor. Relieving him of the rigors of travel, allowing him to swing on the rustic hammock for another month. Maybe by October he'd persuade the trio to join the Manhattan stud farm.

Stud farm!

That's what I'd do once I got to California. Start my own stud farm. How could I miss with dad's contacts and my sterling personality, I wouldn't try for anything elaborate. Just cozy and very expensive. With the best West Coast studs available. Like Chad Prescott. Yeah! With dad a few thousand miles away, I'd get to swallow Chad's cream. That was worth a trip to the L.A. coyote country.